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# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXV. No. 31

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1916

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$2.50 per year; \$1.50 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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## Reflections

By *Alpheus Stewart*

### On Vacation

THE editor of the MIRROR has gone away. He is somewhere in the Great Lakes Region, inviting his soul with the help of fish hooks and the smell of piney woods. There are few sharks in the great or lesser waters of that region, although mosquitoes and chiggers are known to have their lairs in the country adjacent thereto. Some sharks may be found, but they are all of the land variety and are mostly engaged in the hotel business.

In other words, Mr. Reedy has taken to the woods. He is on his vacation, and has asked me to substitute for him while he is away. The word vacation, is suggestive of its blood cousin, vacancy. But we will not follow up that line of thought, lest you take a notion to apply it to what Bill leaves, rather than to the restful time he is now having in the trackless forest.

There are too many vacancies in St. Louis already.

♦♦

### A Query for St. Louis

NEXT April we must elect a Mayor of St. Louis. It is not too early to begin looking about for the right man for the job. We don't want a Mayor chosen by the committee of a strongly predominant party solely for partisan ends. We want a Mayor who will have a definite policy—some man who will go into the fight with a constructive idea, as Fred Gardner went in for the governorship—and he need not be necessarily of Col. Gardner's party. Why cannot St. Louis have a Mayor like Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, or Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, who can get things done, get controversies with public service corporations settled, start the city going, stop it slipping? Who's the man?

♦♦

### Tractors and Land

THE recent tractor shows, one of which was held near St. Louis, suggests that the economic gain that may come from the use of the tractor instead of the horse may have its effect in an increase in the value of land. Any economic advance is to be approved, but unfortunately, too many of the benefits conferred are at first grabbed by privilege. If the tractor is an economic gain, it will very likely register in the form of an increase in land values. The landlord will benefit, as nearly always. It will be that much unearned increment for which the people will have to pay in the shape of increased rents. It will further accentuate the tendency toward the consolidation of smaller farms into larger holdings. It will tend to increase the number of tenant farmers, which the figures show are already grievously great in number. Especially is the number of tenant farmers in the West and Southwest an indictment of the present land system. The number increases with every decade in this great, new

land which should be practically without tenant farmers. The introduction of the tractor may indicate a great economy, but it will be to the benefit of the big farmer. The tractor is not adapted to the small patch of land. The fellow with forty acres may hire his plowing done, just as he hires his threshing, but the condition in which the small farmer finds himself, compels him to do his own work as far as he can.

Still, such an economic advance, this method of doing by machinery instead of doing by man and horse power, is not to be opposed. The thing that ought to be done is to find some way that will distribute the benefits. Nothing presents itself as better fitted to do this than the plan to tax unearned increment back into the public treasury by means of the single tax.

♦♦

### Money Thrown in a Sewer

PROPERTY-OWNERS in a certain large territory in St. Louis are in receipt of special tax bills totalling \$3,000,000 for the construction of the Mill Creek sewer. Many of those specially taxed are going to fight the bills in court. They claim that the sewer is so large that it is a benefit to the whole city rather than to a particular drainage section, and, therefore, that the city as a whole should pay for it, by means of a special bond issue. The drainage district, upon the property in which the special tax is assessed, seems to have been laid out arbitrarily and, worse than that, it is claimed that the sewer is laid so deep that smaller sewers cannot be connected with it, except at enormous cost to property owners. The tax district is so spread out that it includes an enormous number of small properties, properties too, for the most part, that are not revenue producing, properties heavily taxed otherwise. That such method of taxation as applies to this great sewer is abstractly just, in that it assesses or intends to assess the property benefited, is not to be denied, but it is a fine point of fact, if not of law, whether a sewer of such size is not a community proposition rather than a local one. It is questionable whether more of the city as a whole is not drained by that sewer, or benefited by such drainage, than is included in the assessed district. To many persons it seems that property outside the district is as much benefited as property inside the district. In a trial of the case in court this question of fact, as to whether the sewer is a community improvement or a merely local affair will cut an important figure. Fighting public improvements is not a thing to be commended, as a rule, but then no one should pay for what he does not receive or for less than he receives of benefit. If all the city benefits by the Mill Creek sewer the whole city should pay for it, and looked at largely, the sewer, if it improves property in one very large area, cannot do so without improving property in a very much larger area, in the whole area of the city in fact. It is not certain that our special tax system here is going to stand the tests of suits like the one that is imminent in this case. The Supreme Court of the United States has recently said some things about our special tax system



that indicates the said system is not likely to stand for very long. It may be said that the courts are likely to take into consideration the fact that in St. Louis there have been many cases in which special taxes have proved to be confiscatory of small properties, far in excess of any benefits received. Upon the decision of this Mill Creek sewer tax case the fate of many other projected improvements depends. The whole plan of a new St. Louis is involved in it. This is more important than the \$3,000,000 which the contractors were to get for their work.

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#### *A Diagnosis Needed*

It has been the habit of St. Louis to boast that it is the leading hardwood lumber market of the country. This was once true, but it is so no longer. The lead of St. Louis as a hardwood market has departed. Supremacy has passed to Memphis, Helena and other Southern cities. The importance of St. Louis as a general lumber market was once higher than it is now. The statement was recently made by one of the city's biggest lumbermen that the lumber trade here had declined in recent years. The secretary of the Millmen's Association is authority for the statement that in the last seven years about a third of the planing mills of this city have gone out of business, moved elsewhere or closed down for various reasons. And yet St. Louis is a natural center for a great lumber trade. Near St. Louis in southern Missouri and Arkansas there remains perhaps the largest body to be found on earth of white oak suitable for tight barrels. The middle states and the Alleghanies once had white oak but it is nearly all gone. Now Missouri and Arkansas white oak is shipped to all parts of the world. Also St. Louis occupies a natural position of advantage in the yellow pine trade.

The question is if St. Louis shows a decline in this one great commodity, to supremacy in which it is entitled by virtue of its position, what is it doing to hold its own with other cities in other lines where the advantages are equal or superior to those of St. Louis?

The decline in the number of planing mills is significant. One wonders what an unbiased survey of conditions in all lines of industry would reveal. Whatever the revelation, St. Louis needs a diagnosis. We have been soothed for years by the anodynes issued by the Business Men's League and similar organizations. What St. Louis has long needed is a regularly organized Society of Knockers. It doesn't so much need men and newspapers to tell it what it has, as what it needs. It knows what it has and people who don't know will easily find out, or the task of telling them about it may be deferred until after the city is placed on the uplift. The truth may not be pleasant, but in most cases it is mighty good medicine. St. Louis needs some of that bitter medicine now worse than it needs anything else.

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#### *Humanitarianism*

If ever a man needs a friend it is when he steps out of a prison door, clad in a new, cheap suit of clothes and with enough money in his pocket to pay his way back to the place whence he came. He has wronged society and society still holds its grudge against him. It has punished him but it has not forgiven him and the worst punishment is to come. Let us assume that such an one is a normal man. It is not an abstract theory but a very concrete condition that confronts him. He is again fronted with the struggle to survive. In addition to the natural difficulties he must encounter is this additional one of a world's

hostility. Very well, as society will not forgive him and is still his enemy, there is nothing for him to do but fight back. It is natural for him to assume that circumstances not of his choosing compel him to continue the warfare he has begun. In understanding of the truth that here is opportunity for work of great ethical and humanitarian value, a number of people with Dr. Sherman L. Axford and former Governor of Kansas Capper, at their head, have organized a society known as the Humanitarians, with headquarters at Lansing, Kansas. The purpose of this society is to secure work at living wages for discharged convicts. The organization announces that it is national in its scope and that it has already enlisted about two hundred business firms in twenty states, which have agreed to give ex-convicts employment. The help of all humane and philanthropic people is asked.

Surely this is a worthy direction of practical reform. It will achieve a double benefit. It will help a poor devil who than almost any other human being most needs help and the help extended to him will benefit society. It is only in recent years that the world has seen the necessity of reforming the old methods of treating criminals—methods which made old-time prisons hells of cruelty. The more intelligent have come to take a new view of this question, advancing the theory that in most instances criminals are defectives and should be treated on that basis. Thomas Mott Osborne, of New York, is one of the most advanced advocates of a new attitude toward the criminal and the new ideas he has attempted to advance in Sing Sing have met the bitter hostility of the mentally ossified who always resist everything new, as well as greatly disturbed the politicians. His recent return to Sing Sing after the attempt of the politicians to discredit him, has raised anew the uproar against him, especially as he was received by the inmates of the prison with bands of music and a great demonstration. Now the opponents of prison reform are asking if a term in the pen is to be made so agreeable that it will be hard to keep men outside the walls. It is true that it is possible to overdo this matter by making a prison too agreeable, and Mr. Osborne, carried away by his enthusiasm is likely to make this mistake, but at the same time, errors of that kind in prison reform will soon readjust themselves. But as to this Kansas idea of the Humanitarians, there can be no mistake in helping a man who has gone wrong, to lead an upright life if he wishes.

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#### *The Impending Railroad Strike*

At the present writing the great railroad strike still impends. There is more of the spirit of conciliation, however, apparent each day, and this means that the disposition is growing among the men to accept arbitration. They have already agreed to accept mediation from the Federal Board of Mediation and Conciliation. It would be regrettable were the workmen to throw over the arbitration idea in this instance. They talk about refusing to arbitrate a principle. The fact is that the theory of wages relates more to method than to principle, but arbitration involves a principle—a principle on which the laboring man has long insisted and mourned because the capitalist refused to accept it. Now it is the four railway labor unions that avow they will have none of arbitration, while it is the capitalists who invoke it. However, as to this matter of arbitration, the unions have a good plea in extenuation. They insist that when they arbitrated in the two instances before this, the

award in each case was so obscure as to mean that a controversy at once arose that has not been settled to this day. A decision that decides nothing may well be regarded with misgivings.

This threatened strike brings to the front as has never been done before, the rights of the public in such disputes. It has always been recognized that all such battles were three-cornered and that the element which had most at stake, which is the public, has never had anything to say in the matter. If a strike is precipitated in this present dispute it is likely to bring to the front more acutely than ever before this question of the public rights and the public authority in labor disputes. It will profoundly affect the food supply of many of the great cities of the country and will send out of sight prices that are already almost beyond the reach of the average man. It will cut off the material supply of thousands of factories and will throw innumerable people out of employment; it will create widespread disaster and will extend its disastrous effect to every person in this country. If the strike is called, it is likely to be but a short time until this question of the rights of the public may become so acute that drastic action of some kind may be demanded. The great strength of union labor has always heretofore subsisted in public sympathy. Under the warming influence of this sympathy it has done many things it should not have done and has not suffered the consequences because of the sympathy of the public for the principle for which it was waging battle. Let the workingman beware of alienating this sympathy. It is his main asset. And it is a question whether he would continue to retain it under the stress of a great railroad strike that would virtually paralyze all the other industries of the country.

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#### *Labor Unrest*

AN explanation of the great labor unrest that is manifesting itself throughout the country may possibly be found in the theory that we have too much money. Gold has been coming in from all over the civilized world. The tendency of this excess of money is to disturb the equilibrium existing between values and their measure, which is money. Prices of commodities have gone up to equalize this excess of money—all except the price of labor, which is always the last to respond to an influence of this kind. The result is that wages and the price of commodities have pulled away from each other. The struggle for existence has become acute, despite the country's prosperity. Hence the threat of strikes.

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#### *Still Beating the Air*

CANDIDATE HUGHES still continues to beat the air aimlessly. His speeches have added nothing to the futile fault-finding of his speech of acceptance. It is easy to stand by and find fault with what a man is doing, without giving him the key to doing it better. This is Hughes. He merely grumbles and kicks. He says that Wilson is not doing things right, but he does not tell him what is right. It is easy enough to dig up some kind of an alternative, which the fault-finder can assume would have worked better than the way that was tried, but Hughes does not do even that.

The Mexican policy of Wilson especially excites his opposition, yet he does not outline a policy which might or might not have worked. He does not go as far as some of his followers and say that Wilson should have recognized Assassin Huerta, on the theory that Huerta would have pacified the country. The last is a pure assumption, and one whose possibility of working is easily denied, but in



Hughes' case it would be something that would at least have a fictitious constructive appearance. The truth is that this Mexican mess was designed from the start to be embarrassment and loss to this country, and the loss would have been the greater had a policy been adopted which led to war. It is difficult to deal with political chaos, ignorance and lawlessness in a way to please anybody. It would be interesting, although not convincing, to know what Mr. Hughes would have done in similar circumstances. In finding fault with Wilson, Mr. Hughes apparently misses the point that the president in Mexico was virtually dealing with a huge mob, to put which down by force, would gain this country nothing and lose it much.

Is Mr. Hughes afraid to venture even an alternative theory in opposition to the Wilson practice?

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## What I've Been Reading

SIXTH ARTICLE.

By W. M. R.

THESE last few days have hardly been the weather for reading such a volume as "Societal Evolution," by Albert Galloway Keller, Professor of the Science of Society in Yale University (Macmillans, New York). It is a hard book to read, and must have been a hard book to write. For Mr. Keller hasn't much to go on. Nearly everybody assumes an evolution of society, but it is a difficult thing to prove up. Darwin himself tried it and made a failure of it. He did not have the mass of facts to go on that he had when he sat down to write "The Origin of Species." Herbert Spencer applied evolution to everything, philosophically, and made considerable of a boggle of it. Mr. Keller tries to suggest how evolution may be applied to the social sciences. He makes an heroic endeavor to get away from "argument by analogy," but does not wholly succeed. Measurably though he makes out a pretty good case for the evolution of social forms and institutions. He takes for his starting point Prof. Sumner's work on "Folkways." Those folkways develop into mores, which are reasoned manners as distinct from the more intuitive or instinctive folkways. He applies ingeniously the evolutionary principles, factors, variation, heredity, selection and adaptation, to societal development. Of course, he has little to start from, because when we first come upon societal relationships their origins are lost in prehistoric haze. The most primitive society is incalculably old. As far back as we can go we find human society pretty far advanced, with both folkways and mores, with certain conventions. But Mr. Keller attacks the condition somewhat carefully and elaborates and demonstrates his thesis. To attempt to condense his work would be unfair to him. To me it seems that he does not really get beyond determinism of societal development by environmental necessity. Man may modify his environment, when to an extent, he glimpses the laws of nature, but at the last he does not so much modify the environment as adapt himself thereto. Often it is only that when he thinks he is adapting the environment to him. He makes rules on the basis of what he finds out to be productive of pleasure or pain. He doesn't start civilization with thought, but with acts. He misinterprets often the effects of his acts, but as experience broadens he gets the connections nearer right and attains to better societal conditions. The method is that of "trial and failure." He differs from the animal in his evolution because his brain is a special adapting organ. Certain folkways obtain a sort of sanction and then variation sets in. Multitudinous individual variations occur, but in the course of time many of these cancel each other and those survive finally which make for comfort or prosperity. The individual variations become grad-

ually group variations and later, let us say, race characteristics. In the triumph of certain variations over the other, there is a process of selection. Some of this is automatic or natural. This must start very early indeed in groups. The folk who hold by the folkways or mores that do not work for survival are eliminated. They are "unfit." In course of time the selection becomes more rationalized by deductions from experience and so forth. Civilization comes into existence as a force checking the action of natural selection, exercising power over nature, and thus the rule of force tends to be softened by ideas—softened sometimes into a weak-minded humanitarianism. Mr. Keller does not believe in natural rights. Men have only such rights as the group gives them, or as they can enforce for themselves. Certain elements or classes attain to domination and enforce their mores on others. The area of the dominance of certain mores or conventions may spread until it constitutes a nation. There operates as civilization proceeds a counter-selection. It tends to protect the unfit from the consequences of their unfitness. Which means that evolution does not necessarily and inevitably mean progress. Sometimes it goes backward. This is not a phase of the science of society that strengthens the claims of democracy as an institution. Societal evolution is the evolution of society and its institutions, not of individuals. Man goes on interfering with his own destiny, however; he even goes in for eugenics or regulating heredity. He does it so steadily—this shaping his own ends—that it may well be considered a natural law. And this law has its force if not its origin in the thought man wants to shape his destiny so as to make it easier for himself, so he shall not have to carry so much dead wood or pay for so many dead horses. Which, you see, is only economic determinism after all. Eugenics, thus, is rational selection designed to check counter-selection which unrestrained would disadvantage the biologically fit. With the transmission of mores in societal evolution, Mr. Keller deals effectively. Transmission occurs through tradition, education, imitation. The things that work are taken up and held by; the lower folk imitate the higher. The things that fill wants are what work. More wants are developed and those wants develop trade, the great civilizer. Mr. Keller's two chapters on adaptation are strongly presented. He shows how the Eskimo adapts himself to his environment, how the city man gets a set of mores different from the country man, how frontiersmen make a civilization of their own, how democracy is easy in a new country because the environment makes men equal. Especially equality is easy where there is plenty of free land. Jefferson could proclaim equality in the Declaration, because equality existed. So society evolves, Mr. Keller says, largely as it must, but increasingly rationally. This is relatively slow and most of our social, economical political difficulties are due to the fact that we are experimenting along, having as yet found no code commanding enough widespread assent to rule the greater number of people. I don't know enough about evolution to venture any criticism on Mr. Keller's work. He says it is only a tentative suggestion of an evolutionary orientation of the social sciences such as Darwin gave to the natural sciences. He hews to the line closely, so far as I can judge, and if he does not entirely escape the pitfalls of analogy, he does not wholly succumb to its deceptive allurements. Possibly he is more teleological than he suspects—positing an end before he sets out, carrying unconsciously a prepossession for certain "goods" as accepted when not proved such. However, "Societal Evolution" is a book that engenders thinking and it shows what a deep thinker was William Graham Sumner—a Darwin of society.

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For a long time I have been dipping into the two volumes, "Interpretations of Literature," by Lafcadio Hearn (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York). They are made up of the notes taken of the lectures delivered by Hearn when he held the chair of lit-

erature in the University of Tokyo, from 1896 to 1902. These notes were made by seven Japanese students who took the course. They make up a work the charm of which is unlike anything I know. We know what Hearn was, a blend of Irish and Greek, a master of French, a painstaking artist in words, a classic and an exotic, a poet, a translator, a critic, a Westerner who gave himself up wholly to the appeal of Japanese aesthetics, ethics and religion. Now here is the substance of the way in which Hearn explained and interpreted to Japanese youth the literature of the English language, and indeed, of all Europe and America. The work is beautifully simple. Hearn can even simplify the simple, as when he speaks of Blake's poetry. Another example of this art is found in his treatment of Wordsworth and Longfellow, Crabbe and Cowper. He makes plain for his Japanese pupils all the things which embody the ideals, customs, manners, modes of thought of Occidentals. Even more wonderful are his explications of the subtleties of Shelley, of the neo-Hellenism of Keats. Passing even that is the success with which he conveys the essences of Coleridge and Tom Hood. On Shakespeare, Poe, Carlyle, Sir Thomas Browne, Bishop Berkeley, Nietzsche, he is piercingly clear. He has a chapter on poetry about birds, about insects, about tree spirits, about night. His analysis of Herrick is a bit of darling exquisitry. His dissections of some of the most famous poems, poems so elementally direct as to seem almost wholly self-explanatory to us are done with a curiously charming delicacy. There is no breaking of butterflies on a wheel. It is all necessary, considering the audience to which it is addressed. It is the very sublimity of critical kindergartening. Yet it never descends to triviality. He says of Coleridge, for example, that he gave us new turns in prosody, new aspects of emotion, and imparted to literature a ghostly quality. He points out Blake's power of symbolizing things and thoughts in the language of the child. He lays a sure hand upon the rhetorical insincerity of Byron, upon the queerly juxtaposed beauties and banalities of Wordsworth. When Hearn takes a poem like Shelley's "Skylark" or Swinburne's "Itylus," or Holmes' "Katydid" and turns it into expository prose, the result is never an impression of profanation or belittlement. His mastery of this sort of thing is shown probably in nothing more than in his prosaizing some of the light verse of Lord Houghton. One may be fairly familiar with the great works of European literature and yet find new insights into some of the best remembered prose and verse, in following Hearn. These two volumes carry a glorious collection of poetry; they are, aside from their interpretations, two scrap-books compiled by a man who knew and loved the art of song. Necessarily the simplification of all these things involves more or less of elucidation of social customs, history, science, art, politics and religious conceptions. Hearn puts himself so far as he can at the viewpoint of the Japanese and so contrives to give to his dissertations a novelty of impression for English readers. He makes you see things in lights in which you never saw them before. And he does this in language crystal clear. No subtlety is too fine for his power of translation. His delicacy is delicious as when without saying a word remotely connotating coarseness he conveys the association of ideas in the words "cuckoo" and "cuckold." In conveying to Oriental minds the essence of Western philosophy his mastery of language is nothing short of miraculous. He clarifies a poet like Meredith in a way that no other critic I know of has done. Indeed, one can turn to the indexes of these volumes and find something illuminative, something out of the ordinarily accepted critical opinion upon almost any of the great English writers. Hearn has a penchant for the ghostly. It was that which lured him to Japan. It is the power of creating ghostly realism that he finds most praiseworthy in Bulwer. Lovers of Browning will be rejoiced by Hearn's writing of "Rabbi Ben Ezra." But one might write timelessly upon the multitudinous suggestiveness of Hearn's work in these books.



They are not encyclopedic, but they are richly comprehensive. I take a sentence from an early page of volume one that is revelative of Hearn's aesthetic position:—"Just as unselfishness is the real test of strong affection, so unselfishness ought to be the real test of the very highest kind of art." Art is love. For the rest, Hearn was profoundly influenced by Herbert Spencer. He is a philosophical evolutionist, but with a sense somehow that in each of us are innumerable ghost-bequests or deposits making for a recapitulation of race experience in the individual. "Interpretations of Literature" is a book that lovers of literature must treasure, a book for which they will ever be grateful to Mr. Mitchell McDonald, Hearn's literary executor, and to Mr. John Erskin, associate professor of English in Columbia University, the editor and the writer of the introduction.

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There are at least a million people yearning to write plays for the movies. For them was written "The Technique of the Photo-play," by Epes Winthrop Sargent (*The Moving Picture World*, 17 Madison Avenue, New York). Now the one thing that goes to the making of a good movie scenario, the thing without which all other things are *nil*, is brains. Mr. Sargent can't supply those out of his book, but he does show you how to use your brains, if you have any. If there is any phase or angle or aspect or detail of the preparation of a movie that he has not covered, I can't imagine what it is. I have tested the book in every way by means of its cross-references and never failed to find what I sought. Moreover, Mr. Vachel Lindsay, who has studied the movie psychologically and as an art form, says this book contains it all in its 400 pages of rather small print. The book cannot be reviewed. It contains the essence of a library. If you've got an idea worth while and can read and write, Mr. Sargent tells you how to get the idea over to the men who select and prepare the plays. He tells you the secret of the punch, of the art of arousing interest by action, delaying the action by suspense, and thereby heightening the interest. In this as in most other matters of method he provides examples not only of how to do it, but examples of how not to do it. Every bit of the lingo of the movie business is explained and its importance as an aid to scenario writing exemplified. He illustrates climax and shows how it can become anti-climax. The anatomy of plot is laid bare, and the secret of indicating character exposed. The secret of all secrets is to have the idea, but after that it must be presented on paper in a way to "get" the reader and get him quick and hold him. To this end every word counts. The word must be the right word. There must not be too many. The scenario writer who knows the mechanism of the movie and writes to that mechanism—putting in his semi-shorthand instructions for here a "cut-in," there a "close-up," now a "cut-back," then a "flash" or a "vision"—the writer who understands the meaning of "footage" and the necessity of numbering the scenes, the way to write "leaders" or prepare "inserts"—that's the writer whose scenario has the best chance of acceptance because of its practicability. Mr. Sargent shows how to get the sob or the laugh and how not to get it. It is almost unbelievable how faint the difference between hit and miss. Sometimes the transposition of a word will do it, even in the title of the play. It's much a matter of putting a question and getting the answer. There's only one way to do it. That's the right way. The play-reader hasn't time to make the corrections, in the case of one play in a thousand. He leaps at a play that comes to him thus, indicating the scenes in a parlor throughout a play—"Parlor—1-3-6-8-17-22-24-26-30-49. Bust in same—7. Close-up in same—25." The numbers indicate the scenes. A bust is a magnification of a small part of a larger scene, emphasizing that part. A close-up is a scene made with a larger camera close to the characters, giving larger images. If you can write in your "dissolve" at the proper place, you know your business. Your leaders must be brief, but descriptively clear. A leader is the

line that explains a scene or action. A fine phase of the art is to secure continuity with the aid of the things that break the story; to make the obstructions hasten the movement and the movement apparently magnify the obstructions. There must be a reason for everything and the more reason if the reason is not perfectly to appear until after the thing is done. If you're going to be improbable or impossible in your story you must put your improbability or impossibility in a way to make it seem for the moment its opposite. The scenario writer has all of life to draw from, but his play must not copy fact. It must select and rearrange facts imaginatively, must make them new facts. This is the work of artistic creation. It must be done in a rapid succession of instantaneous effects which, though they vanish, look before and after or lead the beholder so to look. A play must have a consciously ordered rational progress. It cannot jump around here and there, bewilderingly. The scenario writer must think out his play in all its scenes, must do much elimination, must contrive to arrange his scenes to consume as little film and time in production as possible. There must be a reason why every character does anything, and a reason for the results of such action. In the movie, not the person, so much as what he does, is important. Every action must at once explain itself and lead to something later on. Every action must lead to a definite end of struggle and suspense. All these things may seem to be glittering generalities, but Mr. Sargent gives illustrations of their application in specific detail. He delights in showing examples of the wrong method as well as the right one. Writing out a scenario is like imagism in poetry. Words are the fewest possible consistent with visualization of effect. They must click like the picture, and they must show not the picture, but the effect of the picture upon the beholder. Mr. Sargent is copious in explanation of all this. He explains mostly by example. His work is entertaining in that it is continually suggesting plots and scenes—little swift anatomies of tragedy, comedy, farce, touches that hint great throbs of heart-interest. The book I am writing about is a third edition. From present indications, it will have a thirty-third, for every other man you meet, or woman either, cherishes a secret or expressed ambition to shake out a photo-play that he has up his sleeve. But photo-plays are not achieved by inspiration. They mean hard work, especially hard thinking. They demand some knowledge of life and some sense of art. Those are gained at a cost in labor and in pain. If you have genius—well, you have it; but even genius can write a photo-play better if it knows how, when and where to work in a "fade" or switch from action to scenery. Knowing the tricks of the business counts. Mr. Sargent cannot make a movie playwright out of you if it's not in you, but if the spark's there he will fan it into a flame. If you will study the movies as presented and then go over their details in the light of this book you will discover how to get the play that's in you out of you and onto the screen. It is a book to stimulate your memory and your invention by countless hints as to popular psychology. But, after all, to capture other men's imaginations by your own and above all, to reach their hearts—that is a gift of God. And it is part of the gift of God to be chiefly concerned with the effort for perfect expression and not with the money your work will earn. Getting the effect is the essential; the coin is but an accident and incident.

And the man or woman who can write a movie will write a better one, I imagine, if he or she will read the rather crude but highly active novel, "Behind the Screen," by William Almon Wolff (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago). The story takes you into the life of the film-studio and shows how a play is staged and how once upon a time the movie magnates made conscienceless war upon each other and combined when necessary to steal a rival's patents, kidnap or bribe actors and directors, bar a film from a town by buying up all available show-houses or fixing the board of censors. You will be told that these things are not done now, but—we hear of

projected combinations to perfect a movie trust, to make but one market for plays, to corner film favorites and cut down their prodigious pay. The eliminating process is begun, and everybody in the business will be eliminated who isn't strong enough to force the eliminators to take him in, as *Robert Lansing* forced *Jim Hazzard* and *Klanger* and *Robert* to make room for his new movie play that first starred a great actor, but a shrimp of a man, in a film of a great popular play. The movie octopus is busy in this novel, but no busier than it is in the actual movie business where the freeze out and the squeeze out of "the little fellows" by means of stock manipulation and theater-site control and concentration of patents and agencies proceeds somewhat pussy-footedly but—proceeds nevertheless. Which means that the movie men are going to kill the movie both as art and business as the theatrical syndicate has killed the spoken drama.

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## God's Doing the Best He Can

By Alpheus Stewart

**D**R. LUCIUS HOPKINS MILLER, Assistant Professor of Biblical Instruction, Princeton University, finds considerable comfort for the religious believer in the philosophy of Henri Bergson. He has written a book on the subject, entitled, "Bergson and Religion." It is stated by the publishers, Holt & Co., New York, that "the book is the first attempt to assess the religious value of Bergson's teaching."

Naturally, in speaking of religion in this connection, Professor Miller does not mean dogmatism or even Christianity, but that broader conception of the universe and life which gropes for first principles. Dogma, he asserts, is merely "an expression, an intellectual concept, not the essence of religion." The introduction to the book is accordingly a plea for a readjustment of religious values, the sweeping away of outworn creeds that offend the judgment of the intelligent, and the use of philosophy in formulating religious experience.

Dr. Miller finds one of the first values of the Bergsonian philosophy in the fact that it is a protest—a protest against materialism, agnosticism, scientific determinism and rationalistic absolutism, which have become the tendencies of modern thought. The philosophy of Bergson is not to be confused with the pragmatism of William James, though both are protestant. Bergson is anything but pragmatic. "To be sure, his world, like that of James, is a wide open world, not fixed and static, but his interest is in 'what is' rather than in 'what works.'" The chief difference between Bergson and other thinkers of an idealistic type is not one of pragmatism *versus* idealism but of biological *versus* a purely logical idealism. The theory of agnosticism is that all knowledge is relative; that there is no hope of our "ever being able to jump out of our skins" and attain to final knowledge; absolute knowledge, the truly real, is forever shut away from us. Dr. Miller asserts, "these things Bergson disputes with vigor, reasserting the old belief of man that he can know the truth, *the* truth, the *final* truth. And with the reassertion of this belief comes back the collateral conviction, 'the truth shall make you whole.'" Albeit there is no formula in this book either by Bergson or Miller for identifying the Absolute Truth. They are no more satisfying than was Jesus when Pilate asked him, "What is truth?" And Jesus was silent. The theories of both resolve themselves into the hope or belief that man may some day know the Final Truth.

"Bergson sees in the world," says the author, "a place for a certain kind of teleology, final purpose—Providence, if you will—but it cannot be the fixed and rigid finality of the absolutistic dogmatist, be he rationalistic or orthodox, or both."

And thus Bergson himself: "Yet finalism is not, like mechanism, a doctrine with fixed, rigid out-



lines. It admits of as many inflections as we like. The mechanistic philosophy is to be taken or left. It must be left if the least grain of dust, by straying from the path foreseen by mechanics, should show the slightest trace of spontaneity. The doctrine of final causes, on the contrary, never will be definitely refuted." . . . God thus defined has nothing of the already made. He is unceasing life, action, freedom. Creation, so conceived, is not a mystery; we experience it ourselves when we act freely. . . . The truth is that there is one and only one method of refuting materialism. It is to show that matter is precisely what it appears to be. Thereby we eliminate all virtuality, all hidden power from matter and establish the phenomena of spirit as an independent reality." The God and universe of Bergson are a God and universe of growth, and there is found therein, in the author's belief, the hope that it may clear the way "by which our religious thought may be revitalized." Dr. Miller must know, however, that there is very little comfort for the present orthodoxy in such a philosophy as that which postulates a God of growth. Orthodoxy is fixed firmly to the mechanistic theory.

The central idea of Bergson's "Creative Evolution" is the *élan vital*, the Vital Impetus. It is at the basis of things. "Reality is change, not something that changes; becoming, not something that becomes; duration, not something that endures. "Environment is not the controlling factor in evolution, nor, as the finalists assert, is it due to an original plan. Adaptation explains the sinuosities of evolution, not its direction or the movement itself. It would seem to be the Bergsonian conception that this evolution, or at any rate, the life principle, is an aimless sort of force. "It takes directions without aiming at ends and it remains inventive even in its adaptations. But the force working in evolution is a limited force, always seeking to transcend itself and always remaining inadequate to the work it fain would accomplish." Life in its entirety, appears as a vast wave, which, starting from a common center, spreads outward and which on almost all its circumference is stopped and converted into oscillations." At one point only it has broken through and become free. This freedom represents man. Life, the Vital Impulse, is not identified by Bergson as God, though it may be derived from God. Bergson distinguishes between mind and matter, but both owe their existence to the *élan vital*. Bergson's Creator is immanent in nature, but not, like the God of pantheism, identical with it. According to Bergson, the soul is a reality which cannot be reduced to terms of matter and motion. It shares the creative evolution of which God is the center and the source. The soul creates. It grows. It persists and probably will persist beyond the life of this bodily shell. Dr. Miller thinks there are vital religious and ethical values in this doctrine of the soul. He concludes, the Bergson theory of evolution, while unacceptable to orthodoxy, is compatible with religion, yea, even a revitalized Christianity.

But the theory of Bergson which should accord best with the beliefs of the religionist, is that which accords to intuition its importance. It is an acknowledgment of the primacy of the spirit among the forces of the universe. The believer will tell you that he feels that what he believes is true—a method of reaching conclusions at which the materialist scoffs as unreliable and illusory. Bergson does not take that view of it. He calls this feeling intuition. The intuition has always been strong in man that he will live beyond this life. To a certain degree, Bergson accepts this as evidence that he will. Kant's philosophy rested on physics and mathematics; that of Bergson is founded on biology and psychology. Religious eschatology finds support in his inference that life depends upon the Vital Impetus and not upon the chemical changes utilized. It is his belief that life might dispense with organized bodies. It is easy to merge such a doctrine into almost any religious eschatology. The soul is not subject to matter or derived therefrom, though it passes through matter. To Bergson, it seems that

personality is one intention of evolution, and this points back to its source, which may be personal, too, but in a different way from the ordinary conceptions. Consciousness is not a thing of matter. It is continuous and may persist after death.

The author admits there are difficulties. For one thing, Bergson has never definitely formulated his religious beliefs as such, although he has said that he may do so, if he ever thinks they will be of benefit to men. Says Bergson: "God is unceasing life, action, freedom. He had no beginning and we cannot conceive of him having any end. He is not omnipotent. He is doing the best he can, with stubborn substance. He has not created the world yet; it is being created under our very eyes." This would appear to be in accord with the operation of the laws of evolution, as we see them working. Indeed, the moving forces of the whirling universe might easily derive their impetus from the activities of some mighty *thourge* abroad in the universe. Dr. Miller, however, does not see in Bergson's denial of the omniscience and omnipotence of God the insuperable objections with which it will confront the orthodox. He sees in the orthodox conception a rigid and fatalistic determination which is mechanistic. Present conceptions leave upon omnipotence and omniscience the charge of the evil that exists—a thing that has always been a most perplexing inconsistency in the path of belief. The idea of a growing God, a God who "is doing the best he can," relieves him of this charge, and the author thinks that religion might be made more acceptable to the intelligent if relieved of this patent inconsistency.

The last chapter of the book is devoted to "Immortality," and is as forcible a presentation of that subject as I have ever read. It comes as near proving that the soul is immortal as it is possible to prove such an elusive thing. The book is not one for the idle minded. It is not for the orthodox, but for the thinker. It is a profound study of the subject.

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## The Tenant

By B. F. Lindas

**A**BOUT three miles from the somnolent village of Blue Springs, along a dusty road that winds around the foot-hills of the Ozarks, was a clearing nicked into the woods that clog the narrow valley. On the front, and close to the road, was a dreary-looking house that looked like a huge square box perched on rails. There was a porch across the front. Lying in one corner of the porch was a broken willow rocker faded by the sun and rain. Mosquito netting was tacked in the windows to serve as screens. The house was devoid of even the suggestion of paint and the boards were cracked and blackened by the weather. The roof was covered by curled shingles that looked like waves raised by a brisk wind on a stagnant pond. The front gate was lying in the grass, where it had fallen from the rusty hinges. The rail fence that zig-zagged its course around the farm had lost half its angles. All the outhouses seemed to be in the same state of decay and neglect. The yard around the house was yellow, and dry, and baked.

This was the home of Abe Blair, his wife and son, and in the dim glow of a lingering summer twilight they could be seen finishing their daily toil.

The Blair family seemed stricken by the same blight that had eaten the heart out of their home. The father and mother, even the boy of five-and-twenty, were tired-looking and stoop-shouldered, as though some invisible weight were clinging to their backs.

Old man Blair was sitting on the kitchen steps listlessly wiping tomatoes and packing them into boxes to take to town in the morning. He was thin and lean. Since he lost his teeth his cheeks had sunken into hollows and his face was as yellow and furrowed as the exhausted soil on which he toiled all day. A gray moustache, untrimmed and stained,

hung over his mouth. His hair and deep-set watery eyes were also gray.

Joe, the son, was in the barn. He was almost as thin and round-shouldered as his father, but his face was red, and his sandy hair, thick and shaggy. Joe had just driven the horse in from the fields, dropped the harness in a corner, thrown some corn into the stall, and he slammed the battered-looking door as he started for the house.

In the stifling hot and dirty kitchen Mrs. Blair was languidly getting supper. Flies were buzzing everywhere. The old stove in the corner was held up by bricks that had taken the place of the legs. An old cupboard was in one corner. The tin-covered door was open, disclosing a scanty array of chipped and broken dishes. On a table near the window, covered with oil-cloth, was a dish of butter fast turning into oil.

Mrs. Blair was as old and withered-looking as her husband. Her hands were thin and tanned and the veins stood out all over them. Her scant hair was pulled tightly back and the patched blue dress hung about her in folds that did not disclose the suggestion of the human frame that it covered.

"Dad," said the boy as he shuffled up to where the old man sat, "we ain't a-goin' to have no corn if we don't get some rain soon."

"It'll rain in a day or so," drawled the father as he wiped a tomato and carefully placed it in the box. "Don't you go a-worrying all the time. Everything will be all right—'fore you know it."

"It ain't a-goin' to be all right," answered the boy peevishly. "Nothing ain't ever goin' to be all right in this yere miserable hole. . . . Dad, got the rent ready for Jamison?"

"Purty near got it. I calculate to sell these yere tomatoes to-morrow to make the difference. We always manage to dig up the rent—hey, son?" and his mouth opened into the semblance of a smile.

"Yes," blurted the young man, "we dig up the rent—that's all we ever dig up. I ain't got a penny of my own. I ain't got clothes fit to go anywhere. I don't never see a newspaper nor a book. I'm forgetting how to talk. I ain't a-livin'. I grunt and snort around here like the pigs over there in the pen. Everything we get we hand over to Jamison. Might as well be dead."

"Come to supper," interrupted the mother.

The father and son entered the kitchen without another word. The boy threw his hat on the floor in a corner. They all sat at the table.

None of them seemed inclined to speak. They seldom said much when they were together. What was there to talk about?

Scattered through the woods were a few other tenants like themselves, living similar lives in similar houses. Except for the difference in the number of wrinkles that worry had carved in their faces, Blair and his neighbors really looked alike.

All the surrounding property—as far as one could see from the hill across the road—was a dense wood and tangled underbrush. It was part of the Clark estate. The owners had never seen it. No improvement of any kind had ever been made except the few shacks that had been put up to pay the taxes. The property wasn't for sale.

"Why should we sell it?" Jamison, the agent, would ask. "The timber alone will be worth many times what all the land cost. The Clarks have plenty. Why should they bother their heads about it? Don't it grow in value while they sleep? The taxes are a mere pittance, and they don't have to pay those. No, the place is not for sale."

After the meal, which was eaten in silence, the father got up from his chair.

"Guess I'll go out on the porch where it's cooler."

"Wait," called the boy. "I got something I want to tell you. You see, dad, I'm goin' to leave."

"Goin' to leave?" echoed the father as he sat down again. "Goin' to leave what?"

"Goin' to leave here. Goin' to the city with Fred



Smith—goin' to take the 9:30. Fred's got a brother in the mill making \$18.00 a week. He's goin' to get us in."

For several minutes not a word was said. The mother was walking to the cupboard with some dishes, but she turned, when she heard her son talking, and stood motionless, with the dishes in her hand. The father held his pipe poised half-way to his mouth. The boy, with his elbows on his knees and his face resting on his hands, was looking at the floor.

Finally the man laid the pipe on the table.

"You're goin'—you're goin'," he began, but his voice trembled. He stopped a moment, then began again.

"You're goin' to leave mother and me?"

"Yes," answered the boy, without looking up. "I'm tired of living in this hole. I'm tired of working night and day like a horse. I'm goin' to work myself to death here. We'll all die like those sick kittens in the barn and no one will never even come to look at us. I ain't never done nothing but work. I ain't never seen nothing. I'm tired of scraping and saving every cent to hand over to Jamison. I want to go away. I ain't a-goin' to stay here no longer."

"Don't do it, boy—don't!" almost pleaded the father. "Don't leave us now. We ain't as strong as we were—you're all we got. We can't go it alone much longer. Mother and me'll try to do better by you. Maybe we can get a better place. Maybe we can rent a cheaper place. Maybe we'll have better luck soon. Stick to us, boy! Ain't you all that we got?"

"I ain't a-goin' to leave you for good," said the boy. "I ain't a-goin' to forget you. When I get my job, maybe you can come to me. Then you and mother can leave here, too. You can't get a better place. Ain't we tried others? What did it amount to? We got a bite to eat and paid the rent. Didn't we work night and day paintin' and fixin' Wilson's place? What did he do? Raised the rent the next year. What happened at Johnson's place? When we had the place lookin' like a big garden, didn't he say as how he was offered more money for it and that if we didn't pay what he was offered we would have to move? What does Jamison do now? Didn't I show him the fences fallin' down? Didn't I show him the rotten barn? Didn't I point out to him the plaster off these walls, the broken sash, and the tumbling chimney? What did he say? 'Fix it yourself—times are hard. If I go to that expense the owner will have to have more rent.' The damned thief. And if we do fix it, what then? The oily rascal will sneak around some day and say, 'Mr. Blair, I can get more for this little place now.' I ain't goin' to slave for that slick scoundrel any longer."

"Listen to me," said the father, "listen to me. You think now like I used to think. You're talking now like I used to talk twenty years ago. You were just a little tad then, and your sister Sue was just a baby, and the sweetest, little dimpled morsel as ever tickled a father's heart. I wasn't always poor. Mother wasn't always old and gray. The day we drove to Parson Bagby's, mother was as straight as a sapling, with hair and eyes as black as a crow, and she was as pretty as a rose—eh, mother?" She had walked over to where he was and patted a withered hand on his shoulder.

"You don't remember those days. We had a good farm and a snug little home that your grandfather had left me. I could make a living then. Of course, I had to work hard—harder than you do now, but I didn't mind it. Then people began to settle all around us. Farm land kept getting higher and higher every year. We wanted to be able to put something away for you babies, and we thought as how if we could get more land to work we could make more money. I tried to buy land on the south side—a fine, rolling twenty acres—but it wasn't for sale. I could get the land on the north

side for two hundred dollars an acre. I borrowed four thousand dollars and got the land. Then my bad luck started. The crops were poor that year and you were sick all summer. When the second interest note came due I couldn't pay it. They sold me out.

"I wasn't discouraged. I took the little that was left that the lawyer gave me, and paid it on another place. I was to have three years to finish paying. I worked from daybreak to darkness every day. Mother helped me. She worked out in the broiling sun until her back began to bend like an old woman's. I could have lived there and got along if the land had been mine. But every cent had to be saved for the mortgage. I couldn't make ends meet. I was sold out again. This time I got nothing back."

"I'll go to the city," I said to mother. "I'll leave the country. There's nothing for us here." I was as strong as an ox then. My muscles were like steel. I wasn't afraid to face the world.

"Well, we got to the city. We got two rooms down close to a factory. They smelt damp and musty. In the morning the smoke would blow in from the factory chimneys and fill the house. The dirty, yellow houses, the dirty, black streets, the dirty, sooty walls made us sick and lonely. I thought it would be better when I got a job. Every morning I was up at daylight. I tramped from factory to factory. At every gate there would be a line of men ahead of me, all a-lookin' for work. And they weren't 'dagoes' nor 'furners,' either. They were men just like me, from the farm, who couldn't make ends meet; who couldn't buy a farm of their own; who couldn't pay the rent that was asked. But they were worse off now, for they couldn't hear a bird sing, or see a flower, or get a breath of fresh air.

"I got a job here and there, but I couldn't get ahead. The men at the factory could see all of us begging for work—some were willing to work just for their food. Many of us didn't get no more. I tried it three years. That's when these gray hairs began to come.

"Then little Sue took sick. She had been the only one who didn't seem to mind. She would tie her mother's old skirt up under her arms, and toddle about the dirty rooms, and talk to her little playmates as she couldn't see—they were only in her busy little brain. But she was as happy as a lark. Every evening she would wait for me at the door, and would cuddle in my arms and sleep when she was tired of her play. But she couldn't live in that hovel. Maybe it's better she's gone. She didn't seem to be sick—just got thinner and thinner until she couldn't get out of her little bed no more. One night—one night I heard her calling me. 'Daddy—daddy, I love you daddy—hold my hand, daddy—I'm going' to sleep now.' When mother brought the light into the room she was dead.

"We couldn't stay in that awful place as had killed our girl. We came back to the country. I had to rent then, and somehow or other, no matter how hard I worked, the rent was about all that I could make after we got something to eat. I couldn't get ahead. I couldn't find a cheaper place. Anyhow, we were out in the sunlight—we could work—work and forget our sorrows. And I thought maybe as when you got big and strong you could help us; you could look around and maybe find us a better place, and that we could all work together, you and mother and me, and maybe we could have a happy home over again. And now you're goin' to leave me—don't do it, boy."

"I got to make the 9:30," said the boy without raising his head.

The old man looked at him for a moment, his mouth twitching. He looked around the room, uncertain just what to do. Then he jumped to his feet and raised both hands above his head as if he would strike the boy to the earth.

"Father," called his wife, "father, it's better for him to go." Then, turning to the boy, "Come, Joe,"

she said gently, "come up to your room. I'll help you pack your things."

The boy followed his mother upstairs. Blair could hear them walking to and fro above him, and hear the hum of voices as they talked. Soon they came down again, the boy carrying an old suitcase filled with his clothes.

"Don't forget to write," the mother was saying. "Write to us every week. Don't stay out too late at night. Don't drink. Come to see us whenever you can."

They all walked to the door. The moon was shining from a clear sky, making the road a silver lane among the trees.

"Good-bye, mother," he said as he kissed her.

"Good-bye, father." The old man took his hand without a word. A tear rolled down his withered cheek.

The boy hurried from the house and was soon lost in the shadow.

Blair and his wife stood for a long time on the porch, waiting. Finally they heard the faint sound of the far-away whistle of the limited.

"He's gone, mother," said Blair.

They both turned and walked into the house.

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## Contemporary American Ideals

A REJOINDER TO MR. VICTOR S. VARROS

By J. L. H.

A SOMEWHAT famous "nonsense verse" relates the adventures of a maiden who went in for Culture and hit the high places exclusively until she succeeded in captivating a plutocrat, when, very promptly, although

"He didn't know a paradigm  
Why, she shook Greek and married him."

As our old friend *Polonius* assures us, many a word spoken in jest should be taken in earnest—and I have met in the flesh parallel cases to the damsel of the ditty. The most recent one, for instance, is a very attractive sample of our boasted prize product, the American Girl. She is fair to look upon and the graces with which nature blessed her have been sedulously cultivated by the best modern methods. Gladys—as I will call her for convenience sake—has been highly finished in the social arts, those "arts which polish life." She has "gone in" for all manner of aesthetic, ethic, humanitarian, intellectual and religious cults and "movements," and she can discuss, in a very charming feminine way, almost anything of the kind that is, in our so-informing phrase, "going." And for new "movements," in particular, she is very keen. It has always been understood that the ideals of Gladys are of the highest.

Well, the other evening, by some peculiar turn of the conversation, Gladys was induced—or, rather, she volunteered—to describe her ideal man. I listened with breath duly bated for this revelation, which, in advance, I felt must be a glimpse into the region of the sublime.

"My ideal man," said Gladys with that brevity not more the soul of wit than of elucidation, "is my Uncle Jim."

She did not feel the necessity of adding anything to this formula, because she knew that I was well acquainted with Uncle Jim. Uncle Jim is a stock broker who, by dint of his endeavors upon "the market," has amassed a fortune which entitles him to rank among our most admired millionaires. He has a magnificent town house, a splendid country place (the swimming-pool alone cost \$90,000—I have Gladys' word for it), a whole fleet of motor cars, an army of servants and a corps of corporations, of which he is variously president, treasurer, director, or the Whole Thing. He rides around the country in a private Pullman and he



thinks nothing of speeding across it from five hundred to a thousand miles in obedience to any whim that may possess him. His wife—known to me, through Gladys, as Aunt Lucy—is a large, massively-moving woman, who has never presented him with any heirs. She has soaring social ambitions and devotes herself arduously to their realization; Uncle Jim forwarding their attainment by the furnishing of unlimited quantities of the wherewithal. Uncle Jim himself is about fifty, with a somewhat hulking but very husky physique, a rugged front and an impressively self-assertive demeanor. Highly capable of running things, he makes no secret of his abilities. He and Aunt Lucy live alone in their palace, except for the servants and such visitors as they entertain, and they also go their separate ways with the mutual understanding that things can in this way be very pleasantly ordered. So it is not at all surprising that upon the evening which sees Aunt Lucy indulging in a *soirée*, good for half a page in the "society section" of to-morrow's *Trumpet*, Uncle Jim is half-way across the continent, occupying a box at the *première* of the "Follies of 1916," accompanied by a select party of congenial souls that he has invited to make the trip with him for that festive purpose. Uncle Jim is very strong for "Follies" and their like, but wild horses could not drag him within the precincts of the Metropolitan unless solely to hear Caruso or gaze upon the latest importation in *prime-donne*, more celebrated for her pulchritude than for her vocal art. I think Uncle Jim has heard of Shakespeare—but not more than that. His reading is confined exclusively to the monumental publications of our great daily press and the reports of his various corporations. He is not fond of bound books and does not of preference associate with them. But need I go farther in the enumerations of his characteristics? I think not, for he is of the very type-genus of his species.

Incidentally, however, Uncle Jim is very fond of his niece, Gladys. He has given her diamonds, Paris gowns, trips to Europe, etc., etc., and it is on the cards that he is on the verge of endowing her with an "electric" of the most *recherché* description.

Gladys has received many offers of marriage, some of them from males classed as decidedly desirable. And she has always said "no," so kindly that the rejected ones have remained her slaves. I have wondered, at times, at her apparent invulnerability to the attacks of Cupid. But I wonder less since the disclosure of her masculine ideal—for, having divulged it with the brevity above reported, she added as briefly:

"When I can find a man like Uncle Jim, and he asks me, I'll marry him on an hour's notice!"

What, the gentle reader may somewhat puzzledly inquire, do Gladys and Uncle Jim have to do in especial with my somewhat imposing title? In reply I will say that I have "lifted" my title from the interesting essay under a similar caption recently contributed to the MIRROR by Mr. Victor S. Yarros—and that, upon reading the observations and conclusions of that talented writer, my mind reverted immediately, involuntarily, to Gladys and to Uncle Jim. Because, after the boiling-down process has been concluded, that is what it all amounts to, in condition or in kind.

Mr. Yarros goes very lucidly into the symposium on "Contemporary American Ideals" pulled off not long ago by the City Club of Chicago and, having surveyed it by and large, taken stock, ticketed and labeled, he finds that America's contemporary ideals are of the most abundant and gratifying description. But alas, as I have said, it all simmers down to Gladys and Uncle Jim, *i. e.*, to the flesh-pot at the end of the rainbow. For Gladys I will substitute our contemporary idealists and their "movements"; and, for Uncle Jim—the ideal of Gladys—what Mr. Yarros sums up in the following words:

"The ideals that underlie the various movements are: Equality of opportunity, greater freedom for the individual, greater equality and fair-

ness in the distribution of wealth, greater efficiency in the creation and handling of wealth."

The condition of my fair friend Gladys is that, while professing to cherish the highest ideals, she is consumed by the most mundane desires. "Why quarrel about words? The term ideal may be vague, but we know sufficiently what it means to render controversy futile"—so Mr. Yarros. Yet, without quarreling about words, we may concede that different ones do have different meanings—else there would be no reason for their difference. Reading what he has written, I gather that "The term ideal may be vague"—not only may be but, very manifestly, is—to Mr. Yarros himself; and its meaning no less so. But, while making for myself no claim for a superior intelligence, but only for a different point of view, I beg to state that what Mr. Yarros summarizes as the bright and shining ideals of Contemporary America are merely its desires—and that there is, ordinarily speaking, about as much intrinsic identity between a desire and an ideal as there is between a "broiler" from the "Follies of 1916" and an angel from heaven.

I can conceive of nothing more forcefully demonstrating the correctness of the indictments of our contemporary American materialism by so many idealists (including so-called "practical" ones) than Mr. Yarros' little list, winding up, as it does, with the real "milk in the cocoanut," namely:—"Greater equality and fairness in the distribution of wealth, greater efficiency and method in the creation and handling of wealth."

About this, to be just to Mr. Yarros, I find nothing whatever that may be termed "vaguely ideal." It is as plain and point-blank, as undissemblingly forthright, as the demand for the *dot*, which, in most instances, forms the indispensable prelude to the happy entrance upon the holy estate of matrimony by the scion of an old nobility and the buxom daughter of the stock-yards. Or, rather, to return to my first figure, it is just the case of Gladys and Uncle Jim transposed into another mode.

In consequence I am somewhat disposed to question one of Mr. Yarros' closing statements. Not that in which he remarks that "We are nothing if not practical." Not that in which he avers that, "We have renounced certain illusions and dreams." Not these—not at all. I do perceive a most definite practicality and an equally conspicuous paucity of illusions and dreams in his programme. But I do question, and that very concernedly, his statement that "We know ourselves better than other generations knew themselves." Proof of this assertion Mr. Yarros has not advanced. To many thinking minds, to many questioning ones, his catalogue of initiatives and referendums; of profit-sharings and collective bargainings; of old-age pensions and employers' liabilities; of land reforms, tax reforms, currency reforms "and a hundred other things," affords striking evidence of a condition of affairs exactly the opposite.

If we are to judge from contemporary American life as it exists to-day, the perception cannot be avoided that the more of these panaceas we attain or approximate, the more dissatisfied, restless and unhappy we become; that, worse than that, our appetite for such things grows by what it feeds upon. We may know more about the material world than other generations did as the scientific juggernaut gradually crushes out of it long-withheld secrets and mysteries and dissipates them into "features" for Sunday Supplements or Chautauqua Circuits. But about Ourselves? Read certain philosophers, certain "restless analysts" of human nature that flourished in former generations—certain Greeks, for instance; certain Romans;—certain Frenchmen; certain Germans; certain Englishmen—even certain Americans. Ponder it—and then turn to our contemporary leaders of "movements" and seek what superior knowledge of themselves you may find. Personally, I do not think it will be much. What does exist, I sometimes fancy—begging the pardon of Mr. Yarros—is superficial merely; and, like all superficial things, the products, not of our hearts and souls, but of our bauble-shops.

## Choricos

By Richard Aldington

THE ancient songs  
Pass deathward mournfully.

Cold lips that sing no more, and withered wreaths,  
Regretful eyes, and drooping breasts and wings—  
Symbols of ancient songs,  
Mournfully passing  
Down to the great white surges,  
Watched of none  
Save the frail sea-birds  
And the lithe, pale girls,  
Daughters of Okeanos.

And the songs pass. From the green land  
Which lies upon the waves as a leaf  
On the flowers of hyacinth;  
And they pass from the waters  
The manifold winds and the dim moon,  
And they come,  
Silently winging through soft Kimmerian dusk,  
To the quiet level lands  
That she keeps for us all,  
That she wrought for us all for sleep  
In the silver days of the earth's dawning—  
Proserpina, daughter of Zeus.

And we turn from the Kyprian's breasts,  
And we turn from thee,  
Phoibos Appollon,  
And we turn from the music of old,  
And the hills that we loved and the meads,  
And we turn from the fiery day,  
And the lips that were over-sweet;  
For silently  
Brushing the fields with red-shod feet,  
With purple robe  
Searing the grass as with a sudden flame,  
Death,  
Thou hast come upon us.  
And of all the ancient songs  
Passing to the swallow-blue halls  
By the dark streams of Persephone,  
This only remains—  
That in the end we turn to thee,  
Death,  
We turn to thee, singing  
One last song.

O Death.  
Thou art an healing wind  
That blowest over white flowers  
A-tremble with dew;  
Thou art a wind flowing  
Over far leagues of lonely sea;  
Thou art the dusk and the fragrance;  
Thou art the lips of love mournfully smiling;  
Thou art the sad peace of one  
Satiated with old desires;  
Thou art the silence of beauty,  
And we look no more for the morning  
We yearn no more for the sun  
Since with thy white hands,  
Death,  
Thou crownest us with the pallid chaplets,  
The slim colorless poppies  
Which in thy garden alone  
Softly thou gatherest.

And silently;  
And with slow feet approaching;  
And with bowed head and unlit eyes,  
We kneel before thee:  
And thou, leaning toward us,  
Caressingly layest upon us  
Flowers from thy thin, cold hands,  
And, smiling as a chaste woman  
Knowing love in her heart,  
Thou sealest our eyes  
And the illimitable quietude  
Comes gently upon us.  
From "Images—Old and New" (The Four Seas Co.,  
Boston.)

## A Round of Books

By Alpheus Stewart

"The Dark Forest," by Hugh Walpole, is a story of the Russian retreat, with Galicia last summer as its scene of action, although the war itself, and the sickening work of the temporary hospital service, with which the characters of the story are connected, are touched upon but incidentally. The book deals with the psychology of war on the types taken for representation, rather than with its concrete horrors. Of course, the main motive is the love impulse, for it is apparently impossible to write a story without the sex factor, but this subject, as dealt with in this story, for some reason, does not reach the emotion of the reader.

Molozov, a wealthy Russian, organizes an Otriad, or Red Cross section. Appear, Trenchard, an Englishman, ungainly, awkward, diffident, always believed to be and convinced himself that he is little better than a fool; Marie Ivanovna, a young girl of the Russian middle class, not beautiful, but with the charm of youth and vitality, ignorant of life, swayed by her emotions, willful and with yearning for she knows not what; Vassilievitch, formerly a wealthy merchant, small, common-place, tiresome; Nikitin, the surgeon, tall, noble appearing, silent, a dreamer and idealist; Semyonov, another surgeon, big materialistic, dominant, sensual, cynical, who always speaks his mind with brutal and sarcastic frankness and who rather disagreeably dominates all the others; lastly, Durward, another Englishman, who tells the story, lame, ill-favored, self-contained, as an Englishman should be. Dr. Nikitin has loved Vassilievitch's wife, both being of mature age. She is dead and as her husband worshipped her in his humble self-effacing way, and continues still to worship her. After her death, he attaches himself to Nikitin, because he knew that he loved the wife that he loved—which may happen in Russia but not in St. Louis. Trenchard meets Marie in Petrograd hospital work. They become engaged and as an engaged couple go to the front. The love of a woman is a new, wonderful and unexpected experience to Trenchard. But Marie has not found herself. After a few months she jilts Trenchard and engages herself to Semyonov, the cynic and libertine. And then one day in the heart of the "Dark Forest" an Austrian bullet finds the heart of Marie Ivanovna. It is a stunning blow to Semyonov, who, although he strives to hide it, is revealed as a victim of that sentimentalism at which he has always scoffed; to Trenchard, to whose infatuated eyes she is present, although he knows this to be an illusion; to Durward, who is now revealed to us as her silent lover. Four of these men do not wish to leave the white house of pain used as a temporary hospital in the midst of the "Dark Forest," because each has become possessed of the notion that the first to reach the woman gone before, whom he loves, will win her throughout eternity. In this desire Trenchard and Vassilievitch win, as one shell kills them both.

"The Dark Forest" is the place in which the climax of the story is reached.

Torn by shells, traversed by singing bullets, filled with the foul odors of festering bodies, infested by cholera, this forest is a sinister, terrifying, mysterious place, where men walk with illusions, and to horror-maddened soldiers, the trees seem to move. There is an undercurrent of that mysticism for which the genuine Russian novel is noted, that runs through the book.

Considerable space is devoted to the psychological effect of war. It is a situation in which nearly all values are changed. The trivial becomes important; the important, trivial. It is careless, grotesque, commonplace, extravagant, fitful, maddening, ridiculous, terrible. It is horrible and yet in the midst of it, Death loses his terrors, and those who meet him, oftenest lose with a smile on their lips, and the happy certainty that he is kind.

Much space is devoted to description and analysis of the different phases of Russian character which have so puzzled the Western world, but there is no

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Our French Millinery Shop is showing some charming Mid-Season Models embodying all that is new and correct in early Fall headgear for immediate wear.

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space for that here. The book is one of more than ordinary interest in this present deluge of the insignificant and banal in fiction. However, it might have been condensed to its improvement. It is published by Doran & Co.

John Bogardus as a lad has been richly prepared, by schooling in European centers, to take the chair of Romance Languages in a big American university. His father has thus prepared him to succeed himself. John finds his class so inattentive that at commencement, he marks everybody zero, including himself. Then he resigns and goes out in the world to "find himself." Prior to this, however, he picks up a little girl, a

waif, in England, goes on a sailing voyage and leaves the child with a family in Durban, South Africa, whenceforward she disappears as a character in the book. After John leaves the university, he wanders in a desultory sort of way over a large part of the world. He tramps through New England and meets a girl, but their love affair comes to nothing. He finally lands in San Francisco and meets another girl, with similar futile results. Then he sails the seas, brings up in New York and becomes a writer. There he meets still another girl, a young actress, and they go to his lonely bungalow for a sort of "trial marriage." The girl demands at the start, however, that neither shall



seek to know the others past. Thus it is admitted that they both have pasts. On the lovely Jersey shore they have a decidedly torrid honeymoon. *John* gets the notion that she may be the little girl that he left in South Africa; but she isn't. When *John* seeks to pry into that phase of the case, they both realize then and there that they must separate, though why, is not exactly clear to the reader. *John* then goes back to the university, gets a chair, and we have gotten back to near the point of beginning. If I ever meet George Agnew Chamberlain, the author of "*John Bogardus*," I may have the impertinence to ask him why he wrote it. Published by the Century Co., New York.

"The Real Motive," is a book by Dorothy Canfield, published by the Holts, New York. Why it was given this title leaves the reader perplexed at the end of the volume, for the motive for the entitlement is not apparent. In fact, I am almost tempted to say that there is apparent no motive of any kind. It is a collection of a dozen short stories, "with occasional verse by Sarah N. Cleghorn." I have never read the author's "*Hillsboro People*," but feel certain that it is better than "*The Real Motive*." One of the stories, "*A Sleep and a Forgetting*," is very good.

Given a young American college graduate at Monte Carlo, who, after gambling away most of his small patrimony at the Casino, finds that his principal asset is a high-power automobile; a hard-headed and materialistic American millionaire, his selfish, socially ambitious and snobbish wife, and their self-willed and proud daughter, and you have the main ingredients of "*Love and Youth*," written by Frank Harris and published by Doran & Co. The millionaire hires the hero and his automobile to take the three through Southern France to Paris. The aforesaid hero knows those parts as well as St. Louis knows hot weather, being a well-informed sort of fellow. He tells the heroine all about ruins, churches and curios and acts as a sort of guide as well as chauffeur. And before she is really "wise" to the situation, he has won her. Incidentally, he saves all their lives at a railroad crossing, for which "pa" offers to reward him with a hundred thousand, the refusing which, at first, causes him to shrink in "pa's" estimation. Mother is designing and wants the heroine to marry a certain English Lord, who doesn't stack up to advantage beside the hero; but the heroine suspends herself for some time and comes near marrying the aforesaid aristocrat, owing to the machinations of the mother, who supplies the roughness, without which no love story runs smoothly. Anybody could read this book in the midst of a St. Louis summer without adding to his discomfort—wait, let me shift the gender; I should have said *her*, because the book will delight "the sweet young thing." Page after page is relinquished just to enable the hero and heroine to tell each other what an extraordinary person each finds the other and especially how much each loves the other. But why should such a book enchain the interest of the sweet young

thing, only? Its title is, "*Love and Youth*," and the author succeeds in crowding his story into the title. There isn't much in the world that is worth a damn, save love and youth. Therefore, the story that embodies these two wonderful attributes of life, should have an appeal to the oldster; that is, if a contemplation of what he does not have or cannot get does not fill him with envy.

"We" is the title of the latest book written by Gerald Stanley Lee, the author of "*Crowds*." But the title of the book gives no more insight as to what it is than do the chapter headings. As to that, I am not sure that after one has ingested the contents of the book itself, one will be altogether sure what it is about. It can be discovered, however, that it discusses the great war, peace, Messrs. Carnegie, Ford, Rockefeller, Roosevelt, modes of expression, armament, labor unionism, etc. The volume leaves on me the impression that it was originally written as "boiler-plate" editorials, the kind that some of the daily newspapers have taken to buying by the foot, because such is the way of cheapness, and the people no longer expect freshness and individuality, anyhow. A few of the editorials sold by the foot are very good, but all have the defect of the hand-me-down garment. They are made to fit no special thing, but merely cover everything generally. To shift the figure, if a man ever expects to hit anything he not only has to have the target located but know where he himself stands. The writers of "boiler-plate" editorials know neither position. All Mr. Lee's articles give this impression. They purport to be expressions of the writer's own opinion on various topics, but it may be said here that his opinions lack punch. Mr. Lee is about as radical as the editorial page of the *St. Louis Republic*, though he falls far short of being as good a writer as Mr. Paul Brown.

There is the suggestion of a train of thought in the idea advanced that the present great war merely represents a failure in proper expression. Many millions of people found that it was necessary for them to express themselves in a day, and as neither language nor anything else served, they had to fall back on mere physical force. That is probably true of all wars, but Mr. Lee apparently does not see in it the great truth that this is so because we have not developed to the point where we can lay aside the crude and ineffective method of the jungle. Through the entire book runs a discussion of the peace problem, although the writer does not in the least agree with the peace propagandists. Mr. Lee's idea for preserving peace is to go to work, promote all the usual agencies of every-day progress. Which is like saying that all men should be honest, as a preparation to paying off the police force and sending the men home. Henry Ford is Mr. Lee's hero and was the world's greatest peace-maker, until he definitely tried to make peace by going off on that wild goose chase to Europe. The style of "We" is common-place, with more than a hint of the sophomoric. There are only 728 pages in the book. Publishers, Dou-

## Smart Traveling Suits in Velour Checks, at \$35.00

AMONG the many new Fall Suits that we are now showing will be found these very natty-looking Checked Wool Velour Suits.

THEY are light in weight, of soft and pliable material which does not wrinkle easily, and adapts itself to the requirements of women who travel and desire a beautiful and serviceable suit.

THERE are a number of very smart combinations, and the model here shown is a copy of a London suit. It is exceedingly good looking and moderately priced at \$35.00.

Other New Fall Suits are being shown at \$19.75, \$24.75 and upward.

(Third Floor.)



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(Third Floor.)

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bleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.

Rupert Hughes, in "*Clipped Wings*," published by the Harpers, New York, gives us a kind of problem novel. It is

a discussion of what is to become of us poor men in the day when, the women having pushed themselves to the front and adopted all the callings of men, leave the domestic establishment up in the air. The day has not yet come, but

the author foresees that it will. When the women are called forth into the world to pursue their callings as doctors, lawyers, merchants or politicians, and are given the economic and other independence that now belong largely to man, the author thinks that it may cause considerable domestic disturbance.

He proceeds to illustrate in the life story of *Sheila Kembal*. The girl comes from a long line of stage ancestors. She comes by her dramatic instinct through inheritance and it is easy to see that she has the making of a great actress. She adopts the stage and half way falls in love with a young actor in the company. He is a young collegian and not much of an actor, as yet, though he is a splendid young man, mentally, morally, and physically. The average reader leaves the book with a feeling of disappointment that she did not marry this fine man, who afterward succeeds in his profession, rather than one *Bret Winfield*, who is just a big, two-listed dub, who has been center-rush, or something of that kind, on his college team. His father is wealthy, but this seems not to have influenced *Sheila* in her choice. *Winfield* has no appreciation or understanding of the stage or of the artistic temperament. He is jealous of his wife's contact with the other actors and forces her to abandon the stage and settle down in a New York town where the old Puritan idea of stage people is still dominant. *Sheila* bears two children, but even so, the call of the old life cannot be resisted. Her health begins to fail, and her husband is forced to give his consent to her return to the stage. Mr. Hughes thinks there will be many conflicts of this kind when present feminist tendencies fully develop.

♦♦♦

## Letters From the People

### The Culprit Realty Man

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I do like to read the *MIRROR*, waiting for it every week, yet I cannot help answering one of your items in the 7th of July *MIRROR* headed "The Blight." It is not the landlord who has made St. Louis go backward, oh no, Mr. Reedy. It is the real estate grouch who has made our city what it is. Our town has spread so terribly in real estate, yet not in people. Why, just as soon as one street is on the upturn, here comes the real estate bunch and spoils it. They have another street to boost to make money on. The same way with different parts of our town. We haven't got the people for that. Olive street, from Thirty-fourth to Twelfth looks like an alley, yet everyone who visits here sees Olive street. Fifty years ago, when I was a child, this town never had an empty house or any "For Rent" signs. People were more prosperous and contented than they are now. Most people want to get out of this town and move elsewhere. I am a landlord and know a few things. I also know you, my dear Mr. Reedy. The tax collector of this town will hound the poor people on account of fifty or sixty dollars they call their own in furniture, yet the rich man dies worth from \$200,000 to \$500,000, yet is not even listed and at other

times from \$2,000 to \$3,000 only. You don't expect people to come to this town to live, do you? I cannot help saying it is not the landlord, but the *Real Estate Man*.

♦♦♦

## Summer Shows

The exceptional Chinese opera, "San Toy," will go on at the Park Theater next Monday evening. Frances Lieb, successor to Carl Gantvoort, baritone, will make his first appearance with the Park Opera Company in next week's production. He will portray the character of *Yen How*, father of *San Toy*, who, because of her beauty, has been ordered to join the Emperor's body-guard, a band of China's most gracious women. Florence Mackie will handle the title role, a part well suited to the prima donna's charming personality. Emmett McDonald and Bertha Black will have minor parts.

The "Encores of 1916" are pleasing discriminating audiences this week. The "Skeeterville Fire Fighters" and Victor Herbert's "Songbirds" top the bill. Roger Gray and Billy Kent are respon-

sible for the hilarious dialogue of the former sketch, which forms the entire second half of the programme.

♦

Vitagraph's feature, "The Daring of Diana," starring Anita Stewart, is on the screen at the Shenandoah on Wednesday evening. Frances X. Bushman in a two-reeler, good comedies and the fourth chapter of "The Grip of Evil" round out an unusually long programme. For Thursday and Friday the offering is "The Summer Girl," with Mollie King and Arthur Ashley in the leads. The first chapter of "The Girls from Frisco," a new sixteen part serial, will also be on the bill. "Hesper of the Mountains," starring Lillian Walker and Evert Overton, will be the attraction for Saturday afternoon and evening.

♦

"The Fascinating Flirts," one of the most successful of the Eastern musical comedies, will head the vaudeville bill at the Grand Opera House the week beginning Monday. There are over half a dozen exceptionally pretty girls of charm and cheer whose costuming is stunning, and the production is elabo-

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rately staged. The tabloid is artistic and refined throughout.

Paul Kleist in "The Land of Dreams" will be one of the leading attractions. Musical instruments in novel ways are introduced. The whistling solo with mandolin is a musical treat.

Norwood and Hall, lady and gentleman, form a happy little combination, in a breezy sketch.

Queenie Dunedin is known as "The Variety Girl." She sings and dances, performs on the tight wire, tells jokes, does a bicycle act and various other things, all in a clever manner.

Lew Fitzgibbon, a brother of the famous "nut" comedian, Bert Fitzgibbon, will contribute an extraordinary xylophone potpourri.

A polite and sirupy offering is promised by the Payne Children, a pair of

# The August Sale of Blankets

Offers Definite Savings on Bed Coverings of Unusually High Quality

CONTRACTS made months ago prior to later sharp advances brought us great quantities of high-class Blankets from the most reputable makers at prices that permit us now to offer you splendid saving chances. You will find it profitable indeed, to anticipate this Fall and Winter's blanket needs while the savings are so apparent.

## WHITE WOOL BLANKETS

With pink or blue borders—full or twin-bed size.

\$4.25	White Wool Blankets.....	\$3.49
\$5.25	White Wool Blankets.....	\$4.49
\$5.75	White Wool Blankets.....	\$4.85
\$7.50	White Wool Blankets.....	\$6.25
\$10.50	White Wool Blankets.....	\$8.75

## COTTON BLANKETS

Full size and weight in white, gray and tan, with pink or blue borders.

\$1.00	Cotton Blankets.....	79c
\$1.15	Cotton Blankets.....	89c
\$1.25	Cotton Blankets.....	98c
\$1.35	Cotton Blankets.....	\$1.09
\$1.75	Cotton Blankets.....	\$1.35
\$1.85	Cotton Blankets.....	\$1.49
\$2.25	Cotton Blankets.....	\$1.89

## GRAY WOOL BLANKETS

Serviceable silver gray Blankets, with colored borders.

\$2.75	Gray Wool Blankets.....	\$2.25
\$3.00	Gray Wool Blankets.....	\$2.49
\$4.50	Gray Wool Blankets.....	\$3.75
\$5.75	Gray Wool Blankets.....	\$4.85

## PLAID WOOL BLANKETS

High-grade Wool Blankets, in plain and fancy plaid effects, assorted colorings, full size and weight.

\$4.50	Plaid Wool Blankets.....	\$3.65
\$5.50	Plaid Wool Blankets.....	\$4.60
\$6.75	Plaid Wool Blankets.....	\$5.75
\$7.50	Plaid Wool Blankets.....	\$6.65

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precocious youngsters who are experts in song and dance. Gretchen Spencer, soprano, with Al Wager at the piano; Wright and Davis, in "The Love Insurance Agent"; Carl Rifner, novelty juggler, and new animated and comedy pictures are other pleasing numbers.

♦♦♦

## Mary

By Irene McLeod

(From *The Yale Review* for August.)

Mary! I'm quite alone in all the world,  
Into this bright sharp pain of anguish  
hurled,

I cannot pray wise comfortable things;  
Death's plunged me deep in hell, and  
given me wings

For terrible strange vastnesses; no hand  
In all this empty spirit-driven space; I  
stand

Alone, and whimpering in my soul. I  
plod

Among wild stars, and hide my face  
from God.

God frightens me. He's strange. I  
know Him not,

And all my usual prayers I have for-  
got;

But you—you had a son—I remember  
now.

You are not Mary of the virgin brow.  
You agonized for Jesus. You went  
down

Into the ugly depths for him. Your  
crown

Is my crown. I have seen you in the  
street,

Begging your way for broken bread and  
meat;

I've seen you in trams, in shops, among  
old faces,

Young eyes, brave lips, broad backs, in  
all the places

Where women work, and weep, in pain,  
in pride.

Your hands were gnarled that held him  
when he died,

Not the fair hands that painters give  
you, white

And slim. You never had such hands:  
and night

And day you labored, night and day,  
from child

To woman. You were never soft and  
mild,

But strong-limbed, patient, brown-  
skinned from the sun,

Deep-bosomed, brave-eyed, holy, holy  
One!

I know you now! I seek you, Mary!  
Spread

Your compassionate skirts; I bring to  
you my dead.

This was my man. I bore him. I did  
not know

Then how he crowned me, but I felt it  
so.

He was my all the world. I loved him  
best

When he was helpless, clamoring at my  
breast.

Mothers are made like that. You'll un-  
derstand

Who held your Jesus helpless in your  
hand,

And loved his impotence. But as he  
grew

I watched him, always jealously; I  
knew

Each line of his young body, every tone

Of speech; his pains, his triumphs were  
my own.

I saw the down come on his cheeks,  
with dread,

And soon I had to reach to hold his  
head

And stroke his mop of hair. I watched  
his eyes

When women crossed his ways, and I  
was wise

For him who had no wisdom. He was  
young,

And loathed my care, and lashed me  
with youths' tongue.

Splendidly merciless, casual of age, his  
scorn

Was sweet to me of whom his strength  
was born.

Besides, when he was more than six  
foot tall

He kept the smile he had when he was  
small.

And still no woman had him. I was  
glad

Of that—and then—O God! The world  
ran mad!

Almost before I knew this noise was  
war

Death and not women took the son I  
bore!

You'll know him when you see him:  
first of all

Because he'll smile that way when he  
was small.

And then his eyes! They never changed  
from blue

To duller gray, as other children's do,  
But, like his little dreams, he kept his  
eyes

Vivid, and very clear, and vision-wise.  
Seek for him, Mary! Bright among the  
ghosts

Of other women's sons he'll star those  
hosts

Of shining boys. (He always topped  
his class

At school.) Lean forward, Mary, as  
they pass,

And touch him. When you see his  
eyes you'll weep

And think him your own Jesus. Let  
him sleep

In your deep bosom, Mary, then you'll  
see

His lashes, how they curl, so childishly  
You'll weep again, and rock him on  
your heart

As I did once, that night we had to  
part.

He'll come to you all bloody and be-  
mired,

But let him sleep, my dear, for he'll be  
tired,

And very shy. If he'd come home to  
me

I wouldn't ask the neighbors in to  
tea. . . .

He always hated crowds. . . . I'd let  
him be. . . .

And then perhaps you'll take him by  
the hand,

And comfort him from fear when he  
must stand

Before God's dreadful throne; then,  
will you call

That boy whose bullet made my darling  
fall,

And take him in your other hand and  
say—

O God, whose Son the hands of men  
did slay,

These are Thy children who do take  
away

The sins of the world. . . .

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## The Prisoner

By Alma Meyer

If one will persevere through the slow-moving introduction of "The Prisoner," by Alice Brown, (The Macmillan Co., New York), he will be amply repaid—but for the first hundred pages or so it will be hard plodding. The first chapter is a lot of infantile piffle and gush; the second, forced humor in an effort to secure the niceties of pronunciation from a drayman—a process, by the way, involving disrespect and a lack of consideration for a pair of exemplary, cross-eyed twins, persisted in to the end; there is too much conversation which gets nowhere; the descriptions are confused by a multiplicity of commas and the preaching is interminable—indeed, the preaching endures to the very last chapter. There isn't any plot, really; the supposed plot hinges on an invaluable necklace of diamonds which one immediately divines is paste. Having acknowledged what may be termed the flaws, having once gotten into the narrative, the subtlety with which the characters are presented is amazing and one becomes engrossed in their self-revelation. Addington, presumably a typical New England town, in the persons of some dozen of its inhabitants, unfolds before one as through the magic of a cinematograph: Jeffrey, "the Prisoner," extraordinary only in his unassumingness and in the emotions he evokes in those about him; Alston Choate, the gentleman, thoroughly impermeated with the traditions of the place, occasionally gleefully breaking over and experiencing thereby something of the pleasure and surprise of a sudden dip into the too cool surf; Reardon, the self-made man, so anxious to do the correct thing and falling just a little short; Moore, the practical politician, subverting everyone and everything to his own gains; Andree, adapting himself to his new country yet retaining an unshakable loyalty to the old; the impractical dreamy old father, intellectual, living only in and for his son. Of the women of the story, as of the men, those who by their position would ordinarily play stellar roles have but a secondary part. Prominently stand forth three old women: Madame Beatty, actually the chief character, brilliant, clever, selfish, unprincipled, who influences and sways to her will all with whom she comes in contact and attracts because of her sardonic hu-

mor and *outré* qualities; Alston Choate's mother, just as rebelliously conventional as himself, taking her recreation in dime novels and penny dreadfuls, which her keen imagination makes real; and Miss Amabel, gentle and kindly and credulous and generous. One rejects Esther as too inert, yet too scheming, too callous, yet too designing, of a too beautiful an exterior for so hideous an interior—she is hardly the product of a little town. Then there is Anne, whose excellences are apparent by implication, a very comfortable person to have around; and Lydia, sincere, impetuous, unaffected and unafraid, always refreshing, brightening up the sermons and hastening along the action whenever she appears. Notwithstanding the sermons, preached and implied, in "The Prisoner," there is much humor in it. It possesses also an unusual measure of literary and ethical merit and interest grows as the reading progresses. All of which is to be expected of any product of the pen of Alice Brown. Anyone who has lived in a little town will recognize Addington in all its citizens and customs. The largeness of some of its ideals and the pettiness of some of its exactions provoke thought as to whether the majority of our conventions are worth while.

♦♦♦

## Impromptu Hospitality

There was such horror in his wife's eyes that it gradually was reflected in the eyes of the man even before her tragic cry, "John Alexander!"

"Why—why—" he stammered.

"You said you had to stay downtown to dinner," she reminded him in tense tones. "You know you did, at breakfast! And I let Katy go out and had a pickup meal myself because I went to that big luncheon to-day! And here you blow in at 7:30 o'clock with a perfectly strange man expecting dinner! There isn't a thing in the house and the groceries are closed—"

"But I didn't ask him to dinner!" protested her agonized husband. "He met me on the street and just sort of came along home with me! I'd had a sandwich and some pie at 5 o'clock when I found I'd be busy and couldn't go to the banquet—and I never thought a thing about dinner—"

"Of course he expects dinner!" hysterically cried his wife. "Why should a man brought to your home at meal



# BASEBALL

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AUGUST 13, 14, 15, 16

## Cardinals vs. Pittsburgh

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time expect anything else but dinner? And there isn't a single thing!"

"That's fierce luck," said the man, staring at his distracted wife. "And he's a fine fellow, and when I was in Brooklyn they entertained me beautifully! I told him you'd be glad to see him—"

"O-o-o!" groaned his wife. "I don't care if he were the Czar of Russia! I believe I'd be gladder and calmer to know the Czar was sitting in there than a man who expected dinner! For goodness' sake, go in and talk to him while I do something!"

"What can you do?" asked the man with touching belief in her powers.

"Go away!" wailed his wife, "while I think!"

She held her head as her husband vanished through the swing doors and then darted to the icebox. A meatless bone which once had been a leg of lamb, two pickles and a tomato rewarded her search. She dashed to the breadbox. It held half a loaf of dry bread.

"I could have eggs!" she thought. "Spanish eggs! I believe there is a green pepper! I could say we were dieting and ate nothing but eggs and—er—jam! There is strawberry jam—"

She paused abruptly. The eggbox contained just one egg. Madly she dashed out of the back door and up the stairs to the flat above, hammering upon the door. Silence greeted her. At last she recalled that everyone was away for the week-end. Downstairs she fled and knocked. Silence again.

"Oh, they have early dinners and I suppose they're out, too!" she moaned. "The delicatessen!"

For the first time she was glad that the little delicatessen shop had invaded their select neighborhood. Through the alley, breathless, she reached the shop, relief flooding her soul. The front door was closed and a written card said the owner could now be found in his new location six blocks off. Tantalizing rows

of appetizing jars and cans still adorned the shelves. They might as well have been a million miles away. She shook the door in helpless wrath and then rushed toward home. On the way she met a small boy eating a banana and carrying a bag of them.

"Here!" she cried. "Here's 25 cents—give me those bananas!" and fled with her booty, leaving him staring.

On the window of the flat below was a bottle of cream and she took that as she passed. With desperate mien she grabbed a double handful of nasturtium leaves from her neighbor's cherished flower boxes.

"I'll buy her a box from the florist if she makes a fuss!" she comforted herself.

Inside the kitchen she stared desperately at the stove. Her husband came out once, tentatively, but fled at the wave of her hand.

Twenty minutes later she surveyed her neatly set table. The linen and silver were unsurpassed, but the food consisted of fried bananas, nasturtium salad and toast and tea. With a smile that would have made her fortune on the stage she stepped into the living-room, where sat her nervous husband and his guest.

"Will—will you come out to din—supper?" she asked graciously.

The guest looked surprised. "Oh," he said, "why, thank you—but I had my dinner before I met your husband here—and I supposed he'd had his, of course. I really couldn't eat—but you two go ahead!"

"I'm going to have hysterics in two seconds," said the hostess, "but before I begin I'm going to tell you all about it!"—*Chicago Daily News.*

♦♦♦

### A Tough Case

Having come into sudden wealth, and feeling that he owed it a duty to himself and his fellow-men to climb, a man who had been engaged in some queer business transactions induced one of the younger members of a rather exclusive club to put up his name. Some of the old guard fell to discussing the applicant. "I can't place him," said one. "Is he a member of any other clubs?" At this juncture another member, who had suffered heavy financial losses through the sharp, not to say questionable, practices of the applicant, declared: "Club? Why that fellow would be rejected by the Y. M. C. A."

♦♦♦

"Johnny, is your father an optimist or a pessimist?" "He ain't neither one. He's a chiropodist."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## Marts and Money

The New York Exchange fellows remain steeped in doubt, disappointment, and *ennui*. They can see no sign, as yet, of an approaching turn for the better, but they keep asking for a sign day after day. They cannot comprehend why prices should sag and buying orders be scarce in a season of prosperity, enormous exports, splendid railroad earnings, and record-shattering bank deposits. What and where might the trouble really be? they ask themselves. But there are no answers that satisfy. A strange state of things. Quotations do not rally to important extents, and the public seems fully resolved to let stocks severely alone for an indefinite period. The increasing payments to owners of certificates arouse but languid interest. "All discounted," declare the occupants of seats directly in front of the blackboards. "If those stocks rise three or four points, don't hesitate to put out some short lines."

The other day, the Union Pacific Railroad Co. reported gross earnings of \$104,717,000 for the fiscal year ended June 30, or the greatest in its history. For 1914-15, the record was \$86,958,000. The net results were placed at \$34,795,000, equal to 15.65 per cent on the \$222,291,000 common stock outstanding, against 10.98 per cent for the previous fiscal year. Phenomenal figures, sure enough, but they failed to stimulate the quest for the certificates. The advance of a point was the consequence, chiefly, of covering operations and hints at another distribution of accumulated surplus funds. At present, the quotation is 138½, against 143¾ a few months ago.

Excellent monthly and yearly exhibits were lately submitted likewise by several other companies. The Atchison, for example, reported a gross increase of \$2,000,000, and a net increase of \$700,000 for June. For the complete fiscal year of 1915-16, it reported a gross increase of \$16,100,000, and a net increase of \$7,700,000. The company's common stock sagged to 101⅞ after the publication of the figures; it was valued at 104 a week ago, and at 111¼ last November. The annual rate of payment is 6 per cent. The prospect of a higher dividend rate is quietly ignored. Traders consider it uninteresting, in view of persistent intimations of enlarged liquidation of the stock for foreign investors.

For the twelve months ended June 30, the Southern Railway Co. has issued a preliminary statement disclosing an increase of \$7,800,000 in gross earnings, and an increase of nearly \$8,000,000 in total income. The final surplus is put at \$9,245,704, against \$1,523,369 for 1914-15. It follows from these figures that the company's financial position is sufficiently strong to permit of a resumption of payments on the preferred stock at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. Nothing has been disbursed since the end of 1914. Did Wall Street feel elated over the fine results reported by the system? Not at all. The preferred stock still is quoted at the previous price of 67. About two months ago, there was liberal buying of it at 71. The lethargic state of mind in regard

to this property appears all the more peculiar when it is borne in mind that the value of cotton has advanced to the highest mark in over two years.

Of course, some allowance must be made for prevailing disquietude respecting the struggle between the railroad companies and their employees. It is conceivable that the responsible officials and affiliated financiers have come to the conclusion that it would be decidedly indiscreet to countenance efforts to advance the quoted values of railroad stocks pending a satisfactory settlement of the difficulties. A broad upward movement would be designed to advertise the recent improvement in railroad earnings too widely and too noisily. The response of quotations to favorable advices regarding the controversy will be carefully studied in Stock Exchange purlieus. The proposal on the part of representatives of the railway unions to file petitions for receiverships occasioned no feelings of anxiety in financial quarters. It is of deep significance, however. It reflects the rapid growth of Collectivism, of the belief in Government Ownership, among the millions of workers. Tremendous problems await solution in the next ten years in all the great nations. They may bring the gradual disintegration of Capitalism. In this connection, attention may be called to the increasing disposition, both in Europe and the United States, to regulate speculative activities on the Exchanges. The rapid and abnormal concentration of wealth in the past one hundred years was largely the result of manipulative and monopolistic methods of speculation. Let's not be forgetful of that fact.

The Washington cotton report places the average condition of the crop at 72.3 per cent, against 75.4 on the like date in 1915, and a ten-year average of 78.5. The indicated yield is estimated at 12,916,000 bales, against a previous forecast of 14,266,000. The final production in 1915 was 11,191,000 bales; in 1916, it was 16,134,000. The publication of the official report was followed by a fast and substantial rise in the quotations for the different options. Much of the buying was for the account of speculative investors, who feel that the value of the staple should go up to 17 or 18 cents before a great while. There is a strong probability that the planters of the Southland may in the next few years be in a more pronounced condition of well-being than they ever have been thus far.

The reduction of approximately 1,300,000 bales in the course of last month was almost altogether the result of floods and storms in Florida, Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Mississippi. In Alabama, the July 25 average condition was only 54 per cent; in Mississippi, 65; in Florida, 62; in Georgia, 68, and in South Carolina, 65.

Our Eastern financiers are taking energetic steps in order to capture additional foreign markets. Some months ago, the National City Bank, of New York, the foremost institution of its kind in the United States, established branches in some South American countries, in accordance with the permissive provision in the Federal Reserve Act of 1913. A few days ago, the same bank announced its intention to estab-



lish similar branches in the two principal cities of Russia—Petrograd and Moscow. American captains of finance and industry are said to be highly enthusiastic over commercial and industrial opportunities in the Muscovite Empire. They believe that they should be able to gain and to retain permanently many markets that in pre-war times used to be in the exclusive possession of Germany. It seems singular that the latest move on the part of the National City Bank should have come shortly after the publication of the British blacklist.

On the Grand Exchanges, the pit workers still are in a state of unusual excitement. They are doing the biggest business in quite a while, and that at prices denoting sensational advances when compared with the low records of two months ago. September wheat, which could be bought at about \$1, is now worth \$1.36, against \$1.07½ a year ago. For the May deal, the quotation is \$1.43½, against \$1.13½. The latest sensational "bulge" was attended by private estimates of a total wheat production of 670,000,000 bushels in the United States. The July forecast of the Government was 759,000,000. Some of the reports from the spring wheat States of the Northwest hint at losses of 50 to 75 per cent, in consequence of blight and rust. Very bad advices are received also from Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The desire to purchase wheat at rising prices was further promoted by dispatches from the East, intimating heavy demand from Europe. For the time being, it would seem that the "bullish" factors have well been "discounted." The ruling prices for corn and oats show gains of 7 and 8 cents, respectively, when compared with the corresponding records in 1915.

The offensive lately conducted by the "bears" on the Stock Exchange against motor stocks proved quite successful. The breaks were perpendicular in some cases. Willys Overland common dropped from 63 to 50½, and Studebaker common from 132 to 121. The latter stock was worth 195 last October. The readjustment process has already made gratifying headway. It bodes well for the general situation.

#### Finance in St. Louis.

The local market was a quiet and reassuring affair. It reflected politics and the subdued state of things down East. Changes in values were not truly important. Where they did occur, they denoted both gains and losses. United Railways 4 per cent bonds displayed considerable activity at times. More than \$15,000 were disposed of at 62.37½ and 62.50. The previous week's price was 62.75. A moderate amount of the preferred stock brought 19.25, a price indicating a decline of 25 cents per \$100. Nothing was done in the common shares, the quoted value of which shows a further small improvement. St. Louis & Suburban first-mortgage 5s were taken at 100.50.

There was brisk bidding for some leading shares in the banking group, but it led to precious little business. Some Third National Bank was transferred at 230, and Bank of Commerce at 107.50. The quest for this class of certificates must be regarded as decidedly poor, even for this time of the

year. It contrasts strangely with the reports of a large and profitable volume of transactions in St. Louis. In former seasons of prosperity, the stocks of banks and trust companies were conspicuous features in the daily course of proceedings on the Stock Exchange, and quoted at prices that seem extraordinarily high at the present day. In view of the good dividends most of the representative bank stocks are paying, and have been paying for years, one should think that they would not be overrated if they sold at figures \$15 or \$20 above ruling notches. In some instances, the probabilities of enlarged payments are plainly patent.

In the industrial department, National Candy common made a hit by ascending to 117.5. The total of transfers comprised nearly one hundred shares. Ten Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred brought 107.50, and twenty common, 130. Fifty-five General Roofing preferred were sold at 100.

#### Latest Quotations.

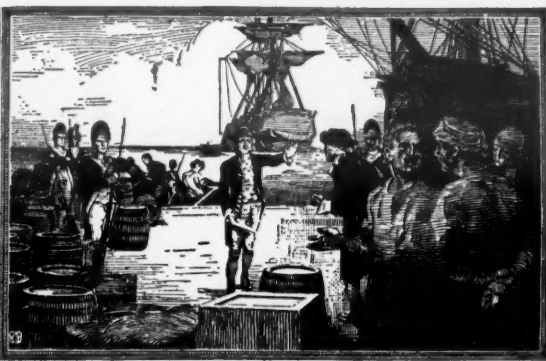
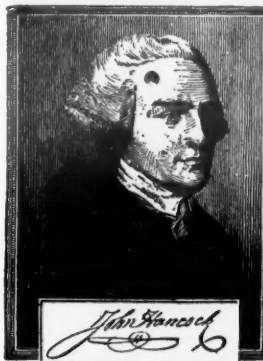
	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank.....	117 ½	118
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	117	108
State National Bank.....	200	200
Title Guaranty Trust.....	105	107
United Railways com.....	5 ¾	5 ¾
do pfd.....	19	19
do 4s.....	61 ¾	62 ½
Toledo Home Tel. 5s.....	93	94
Ohio State Tel. pfd.....	104 ½	104 ½
St. L. Cotton Compress.....	36 ¾	40
Ely & Walker com.....	129 ½	135
do 2d pfd.....	80 ½	80 ½
International Shoe com.....	97 ½	97 ½
do pfd.....	109 ½	109 ½
General Roofing pfd.....	100	100
Hydraulic Pr. Brick pfd.....	18	18
Hamilton-Brown.....	121	121
St. L. Brew. Assn. 6s.....	84 ¾	84 ¾
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.....	26	29
do 6s.....	62 ½	62 ½
National Candy com.....	8 ¾	8 ¾
Nat. Enameling com.....	23	23

#### Answers to Inquiries.

LONG, St. Louis.—The downward movement in the price of American Smelting & Refining common is the inevitable outcome of reduced values for metals. Disappointment is felt, also, on account of the refusal of the company to place the stock on a regular 6 per cent dividend basis. The declaration of another one-half per cent extra appears to indicate a very cautious attitude in the executive offices. Cannot recommend supplementary purchases, despite the drop of \$20 since January last. A rally of five or six points would evoke heavy selling for both accounts.

SUBSCRIBER, Toledo, O.—The 5 per cent notes of the American Foreign Securities Co. are considered a good investment. They are issued by an American corporation and amply secured by varied collateral of commendable character. The present price of 98 does not look high. There may be a temporary decline, of course, of a point or two, for one reason or another. If it comes, you will be justified in increasing your holdings.

D. F. M., Pine Bluff, Ark.—The sharp rise in cotton quotations should cause no surprise. It would have come even if the Government's monthly report had not confirmed private information as to serious damage to the crop. There may be a reaction in the next week or two, but it should not be extensive. As I remarked on former occasions in the MIRROR, there will be a big demand for cotton even after peace has returned in Europe. Stocks are unprecedentedly low on the Continent.



## John Hancock—"Father of the Revolution"

UPON the Declaration of Independence his name may be read without spectacles. His signature was the first subscribed to the world's most famous State document. In the most realistic sense John Hancock pledged his life and his fortune to the cause of the Revolution. He was one of the richest men in the colonies, holding investments in banks, breweries, stores, hotels, and also owning a fleet of vessels. The seizure of one of these precipitated the Boston massacre. In Revolutionary days and until his death he was a popular idol. When it was proposed to bombard Boston, though it would have resulted in greater personal loss to him than to any other property owner, he begged that no regard be paid to him because of his financial interests. While Hancock did not sign the Constitution of the United States, he used his great influence in its behalf, which awakened the gratitude of Washington. "He was prepossessing in manner, and passionately fond of the elegant pleasures of life, of dancing, music, concerts, routs, assemblies,

card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities." Until the end of his life the people of Massachusetts loved to honor him. In the stirring events preceding the Revolution he was one of the most influential members of the Sons of Liberty. To this tireless worker for American Independence Liberty was the very breath of life. He would have frowned upon any legislation which would restrict the natural rights of man, and would have voted NO to prohibition enactments. It was upon the tenets of our National Spoken Word that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day throughout the length and breadth of the Free Republic their honest brews are famed for quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Their brand BUDWEISER has daily grown in popularity until 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles. ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres.

The Beer for the Home, Hotel, Club and Cafe



**Budweiser**  
Means Moderation.

Purchases on the recurrent setbacks are clearly advisable, therefore.

STOCKHOLDER, Dallas, Tex.—The Maxwell Motor Co. has declared 2½ per cent on its common stock. If you have a profit, take it. The possibility that the price might recover to 92, last year's top record, is rather thin. It is doubtful if another dividend will be declared on the common in the next six months.



#### A Huge Hit

In the Lambs' All-Star Gambol a musical yarn was told by Barney Bernard, the *Shylock* of the Shakespearean minstrels. "How is your daughter Jessica?" asked the interlocutor, and Bernard's reply, stripped of its Abe Potash dialect, was: "She's been studying music in Berlin for three years. Lately she wrote that she was ready to sing in grand opera, and that she was coming home, so I arranged a concert for her

at Carnegie Hall. I went to several of the members of my lodge and asked them to take tickets for the concert, telling them that if my daughter was a success I would give a banquet to my friends at the Hotel Knickerbocker. When the time of the concert came, of course my daughter was nervous. She broke down and went off the key—it was terrible. The people started going out of the hall. At once I thought of the banquet, and I rushed down to the Knickerbocker to cancel the banquet. In the banquet room I found five of my friends eating and drinking champagne. 'Wait a minute,' I said. 'I told you that if my daughter was a success I would give a banquet—she was not a success, she was a failure.' Then one of my friends stood up and said, 'Well, we liked her.'"



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ing and join the happy crowds. Free gate until 6 o'clock.  
Reserved seats for vaudeville theater on sale at Grand-Leader.



Monday, Aug. 14:

Park Opera Company in

## "SAN TOY"

Now Playing:

"ENCORES OF 1916"

## SHENANDOAH

Grand and Shenandoah.

### SUMMER SEASON OF PICTURES

Wed., Aug. 9, Anita Stewart in  
"The Daring of Diana," Fourth  
Chapter, "The Grip of Evil;"  
Thurs. & Fri., Mollie King in "The  
Summer Girl;" Sat., Lillian Walker  
in "Hesper of the Mountains."

Eves., 7:15 & 9; Mats., Sat. & Sun.,  
2:30. ALL SEATS TEN CENTS.

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PICTURES

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AUGUST 11, 12

GAME STARTS AT 3:30

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